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THE BEST OF MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR

TAI RACK!

Kobe's sure got a lot of front!

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And she got her clothes off in Mayfair!

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Mayfair Male

Do we ever get tired or bored reading your sordid confessions? Not a chance! The one thing we do get is jealous, because you lot seem to score more often than we do!

207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR **Email: mayfair@paulraymond.com**

Stadium Cock

Show me a snake-hipped rock chick and I'll show you an instant boner. Fuck, do I love them! With their slutty, smeared eyeliner and pussy-skimming mini-skirts… phewee! Ever since I saw a bloke being sucked off at a Metallica gig when I was younger I've fantasised about shagging one of those dirty little harlots in the middle of a stage – ramming my fat prick home, illuminated by spotlights like some Jimi Hendrix rock god.

Consequently, my passion for ear-bleeding sounds has been less to do with the music than with the hot pussy associated with it. You see, in my experience the harder the aural assault, the randier the female fans. Not for me the bitch-faced poseurs or boy band gigglers. What made my cock tingle were the vodka and snakebite types who revelled in carnal filth and wouldn't dream of spitting, instead of swallowing. Of course, as a geeky adolescent my knob only saw action courtesy of my own right hand, though it was still the thought of moshpit fumblings that really fuelled my solo wanks.

I eventually lost my virginity down a back alley after a blinding Iggy Pop show. Though the bird's name escapes me now, I can still feel her velvety pussy against my dick. All through the gig I'd been transfixed by her plumped up knockers jiggling in time with the Igster's gyrations. I'd even copped a feel up her PVC skirt, forcing my fingers through the holes of her fishnets and into her sticky snatch. She didn't seem to mind that our fuck lasted about as long as a punk rock track, ending up with me shooting my load on her buckle boots, face buried in her lovely big tits. It was that night that I decided to make shagging rock chicks my career sideline. Meaning, I decided to become a roadie.

Since then I've worked my bollocks off for the biggest names in rock. Yeah, it's been knackering, but for every bit of equipment humping, I've humped the same amount of girls. All they have to see is a crew pass, and it's 'c'mon and pork my slit', like they think riding my cock will get them closer to their heroes. Occasionally it does – one US band got us to test drive the groupies before they dipped their wicks themselves, which was fucking awesome! But usually it amounts to nothing more than me filling cuties' holes and then sending them on their way with a t-shirt or autograph.

I've banged some fabulous arse and fanny, sucked some incredible tits. Fact is, these lush bitches will do anything to worm their way backstage. You just have to not take it personally and simply enjoy the fruits of their labour.

There's only ever been one who has not wanted me for my perceived connections – a straight-talking Euro doll named Scarlett, who introduced herself with an honesty that immediately got my prick twitching. "I'm not a wannabe star fucker," she said post-gig, "groupies disgust me. But I was watching you working, and it was making me so wet I couldn't concentrate on the show. I just wanted you inside me."

It was the horniest thing I've ever heard outside a porno flick. Consequently, I didn't want to simply bend her over the scaffolding or have her deep-throat me on her knees on the beer-soaked floor. It probably sounds daft, but I wanted this screw to have resonance.

"What's your biggest fantasy?" Scarlett whispered, as I slowly licked up her neck, circling my thumbs against her hardening nipples as I moved. "To fuck on the spot-lit stage like a star," I gasped excitedly. Stepping out into the centre of the empty stage, Scarlett stripped naked, illuminated

COME AGAIN

Thank you very much for the superb pictures of the very sexy Antonia in 41-11. Every single pose was a winner – page 39 was my favourite, and that incredibly sexy shot of Antonia sat their in her saucy lingerie, posed with her legs wide open so that you could just make out her juicy, tidy little pussy beneath those see-through panties really received my full attention. So much so that I had to go out and buy a replacement copy!

Anyway, I thought the mag was great, Antonia is just about the sexiest girl I've seen in ages, and if she comes back for another appearance, I might just have to buy all the copies in my local newsagent.

Keith, Bromley.

You're not alone, Keith. Ever since Antonia appeared in our Newcomers section back in Volume 41 No. 6, you lot have been going mad over her, so we knew we had to get her back in for a another shoot. She looked so damn hot, and you lot obviously love her – not forgetting the fact the Ed has a soft spot for her – we can only take that as a sign that we'll just have to get her back in and watch her taking her clothes off again. It's a hard life! And don't forget, if you want to see any of our other Newcomers girls in Mayfair *again, all you have to do is write or e-mail us and let us know. That's what we're here for.*

by a single light. She then lay down on her coat, sucked her fingers and teasingly coaxed open her pussy. I knelt in front of her, watching her stretch herself wide, making bubbles of juice slowly drip down towards her arse. “Eat me,” she smiled, “show your audience how fucking good you can lick pussy!”

I turned to look out over the empty auditorium, imagining a horny audience was observing us, all jerking off to our live sex show. Then, diving into her crotch, I lapped at her pussy until my tongue was numb. Well-oiled, Scarlett took almost a fistful of digits high up her tunnel, grinding her hips and moaning as I massaged her G-spot until her honey ran down my wrists.

“What’s it to be – pussy or arse?” I asked, softly, leaning forward to lap my skin clean.

Scarlett laughed, “Since rock gods are meant to be libertines, I think you can answer that one yourself.”

Flipping her over onto all fours, I gripped her waist and manoeuvred my erection to meet her tight arsehole. A slick of spit and one sharp thrust later and I was buried nut-deep in hot flesh. “Oh my god!” she shrieked, throwing back her long hair so it whipped across my chest. “Fuck me hard! I love having cock up my arse!”

I did as she asked, ploughing ever more intensely as she circled her peachy bum backwards and forwards to meet my actions whilst simultaneously rubbing at her clit. Both the heat from the spotlight and my exertions combined to send droplets of sweat splashing onto her back, spurring on her movements. She hit my knob so hard with her sweet arse each time that I knew I couldn’t last much longer. So with one last stroke I rammed into her as hard as possible, then pulled out to give my imaginary audience the money shot. But before I could come across her arse cheeks, Scarlett had turned round and opened her mouth, spectacularly catching a fountain of come.

Since Scarlett, it’s been business as usual, poking faceless birds that treat shagging me like a necessary evil. Not that I’m complaining – skirt is skirt, and I fucking love it – but I’ll always remember the girl who fulfilled my rock god fantasies.

Mike, Wolverhampton.

HAIR TODAY...

Seeing Alison last month (Vol. 41 No. 11) in the Classic pages must have put a big smile on the face of a lot of your readers ‘of a certain age’ – I know it certainly put a big grin on mine. What a joy it was to see a natural, untamed hairy muff on a young lady. I’ve always loved it when women allow their pubic hair to grow wild and free (something the modern ladies don’t seem to like), as there’s nothing like a few hairs stuck in between the teeth to let you know you have had a good time. Just the thought of resting my face in that beautifully hairy pussy, her smooth thighs warming my ears – honestly, it’s enough to give a man palpitations! Great work, Gents!

Charles, Reading.

Thanks Charles, we’re glad you enjoyed Alison and her wondrous big bush. It’s like a bird’s nest, I tell you! You know, we’ve had e-mails and letters in the past extolling the virtues of a big hairy Mary, and others literally balking at the mere wisp of a pube, but I reckon you’re the first to enjoy the feeling of ladies curly-wurly hair between your teeth. Doesn’t sound too hygienic. Still, saves spending money on dental floss, I suppose. Seriously, though, we’re glad you liked the set, and if there are any other past beauties you’re gagging to see again, let us know, and we’ll go searching through our vaults.

The New Year Screws

The wife and I really don’t like the month of January. The fun of Christmas and New Year parties are nothing but a distant memory and you’re left with just cold and dreary weather to put up with for a couple of months. That’s why for the last few years we’ve started going abroad for the first couple of weeks in January. We usually alternate between Spain and Greece to lap up some winter sunshine. It’s the perfect cure for the January blues and this year we got an unexpected New Year bonus when we met a very lively couple from Liverpool.

As we were checking into our villa in Majorca we heard this loud scouser behind us laughing and joking with his girlfriend. I just happened to glance over my shoulder to see what all the fuss and noise was about and that was it. He, Terry, spotted me and in an instant was greeting me like a long lost friend. Him and his missus Sarah were clearly intent on enjoying themselves and had obviously been getting stuck into the booze on the flight over.

As Terry chatted with my wife, Theresa, I eyed up Sarah’s impressive chest, which was bursting out of her skimpy t-shirt.

Terry insisted that all four of us meet up in the local bar just as soon as we’d checked in and dumped our bags. I knew Theresa was tired from the travelling and was expecting her to make an excuse for us, but to my surprise she readily agreed. Terry gave her a hug and a peck on the cheek and said, “First ones in the bar get the beers in.”

After a quick shower and change of clothes we headed to the bar. Terry and Sarah were already there and knocking back a couple of shots of Tequila. Sarah certainly scrubbed up well and was looking mighty fine in black boots, short denim skirt and tight white top. As she and Theresa danced and rubbed against each other on the dance floor, me and Terry sank more beers before one of us – me – finally plucked up the courage to ask what the chances were of the girls really going for it back at the villa.

Terry laughed out loud. “I thought you’d never ask, mate. Sarah swings both ways and doesn’t care who knows it. If your missus is up for some fun then it’s all systems go.” My cock and balls stirred a little bit more in my jeans as I pictured my wife getting pleasured by another woman. As far as I was aware, Theresa had never been with another woman, but judging from the way she was sweating and gyrating with Sarah on the dance floor it was clear that she wasn’t totally against the idea.

The girls stopped rubbing up against each other long enough to come to the bar for a top-up of vodka. “You’re getting on well with your new friend,” I whispered in Theresa’s ear. “I like her, she’s fun. She was saying we should all head back to the villa for…” Her voice trailed off as Terry grabbed us both and declared that it was party time at their villa. Sarah pinched Theresa’s arse, whispered something in her ear and then they ran off giggling excitedly.

“Come on in, the water’s lovely,” beckoned the girls to me and Terry as we arrived back. I could see that both Sarah and Theresa were topless, and a quick dive under the surface confirmed my suspicions that they were bottomless too. Theresa’s hairy snatch contrasted sharply with Sarah’s’ smooth shaven pussy. My cock stiffened and I quickly pulled off my swim shorts to make sure I didn’t miss out on any fun.

Sarah had taken control of the situation and was kissing Theresa full on the lips.

KOBE

Photographer: Andrew K

Age: 23 Vital Stats: 34C-22-34

KOBE

Good old Kobe, she always comes through for us. The hot, foxy miss wasn't actually due to appear in this issue, but due to a scheduling clash (the Ed falling asleep, drunk in his office and forgetting to book enough models) we ended up one girl short. Thankfully, Kobe is always just a phonecall away, and when we told her we desperately needed her help, she was more than happy to drop what she was doing and come round and help us out. So, she bolted out of the wedding reception she was at, popped over to the studio, whipped out her rude bits, and she was back at the hotel by the Best Man's speech. She didn't bring us any bloody cake though! And we got to see her new tits, too! Get in!

MoB Rule!

Curvy girls in tight-fitting corsets spinning nipple tassels? Classic striptease and Vaudeville acts? Sounds awful. We'd much rather be in a deafening club being glassed, wouldn't we? Hell no! Our man SHEND tracks down the Ministry of Burlesque, where the walks aren't silly…

PICTURES: MoB/MICHAEL LAU

As usual, *Mayfair* was way ahead of the pack when we probed Brit Burlesque Bombshell, the downright divine, Miss Kittie Klaw over two years ago! Since then, burlesque has blossomed and Kittie, with partner James (The MoBfather), have erected an empire, revolutionised the risque and created a cabaret community of cool that is growing glamorously global.

We decided to find out more about the The Ministry of Burlesque from its two extremely civil servants…

Have you noticed much of a change in the world of burlesque since we spoke last?

We've noticed a lot of what we call the 'Burlesque Bandwagon Bandits'. Promoters who think that burlesque is all about finding a couple of strippers and putting them in corsets.

Burlesque is all about parody, yet even the mainstream Press only want to concentrate on the striptease side. Stan Laurel started off in burlesque and he never put a pair of tassels near his nips!

The professional burlesque industry is growing and is creating its own stars, complete with a micro celebrity culture emerging from within. In tandem, the growing interest and enthusiasm from the rapidly growing community of burlesque lovers is perpetuating the scale and variety within the amateur hobbyist circuit.

What exactly is the Ministry of Burlesque?

The Ministry of Burlesque is the world's largest online burlesque community. Our website receives over 10,000 visitors per day and we promote monthly events in London, Brighton and Glasgow. We also act as agents to over 50 of the UK's top burlesque performers – The MoBstars – and we teach burlesque workshops in cities across the UK. In a nutshell, we're the trusted voice of the British burlesque scene.

James, you're known amongst the burlesque fraternity as 'The MoBfather'. Are you the Godfather of British burlesque?

Good God, no! The 'MoBfather' moniker came about because I'm the person who created the Ministry Of Burlesque online community and it sounds much more interesting than 'Site Administrator'. To claim a title like Godfather of British burlesque is a terribly egotistical thing to do – it's like saying: "Look at me, I have a really small penis!"

Whilst I'm the serial entrepreneur who glues the multi-faceted departments of the MoB together, Kittie tends to focus on the people management and show production. Kittie is the all round 'burlesque liaison' as well as one of the world's most established performers in her own right.

MoB encompasses a lot more of the original meaning of 'burlesque' – the vaudeville and cabaret nature of its 19th Century origins, rather than simply a parade of saucy dames?

If they're highly talented or ridiculously original, then we're interested. We've got a guy whose speciality, in tribute to 19th Century freakshows, is the 'art of anal electrocution' – he literally shoots half a million volts of electricity up his arse and uses bum-current (or current-bum) to light a candelabra with the electrical sparks generated by his fingertips. *(Shocking! – Ed.)*

Does MoB go out looking for girls or do they come to you?

Both. We receive about 50 applications per day from wannabe performers who are desperate to have the status of a MoBstar. However, we will never put anyone on our books that we haven't seen perform ourselves.

We wish to keep raising the 'barre' *(It's a dance pun – Ed.)* to keep the burlesque genre as a legitimate form of professional entertainment with a supporting hobbyist circuit. It's not about numbers of acts, it's about quality of performers and their attitude is just as important as aptitude.

The main thrust of MoB is obviously 'Live' entertainment. Do you think people have finally tired of the club culture and stage acts are back?

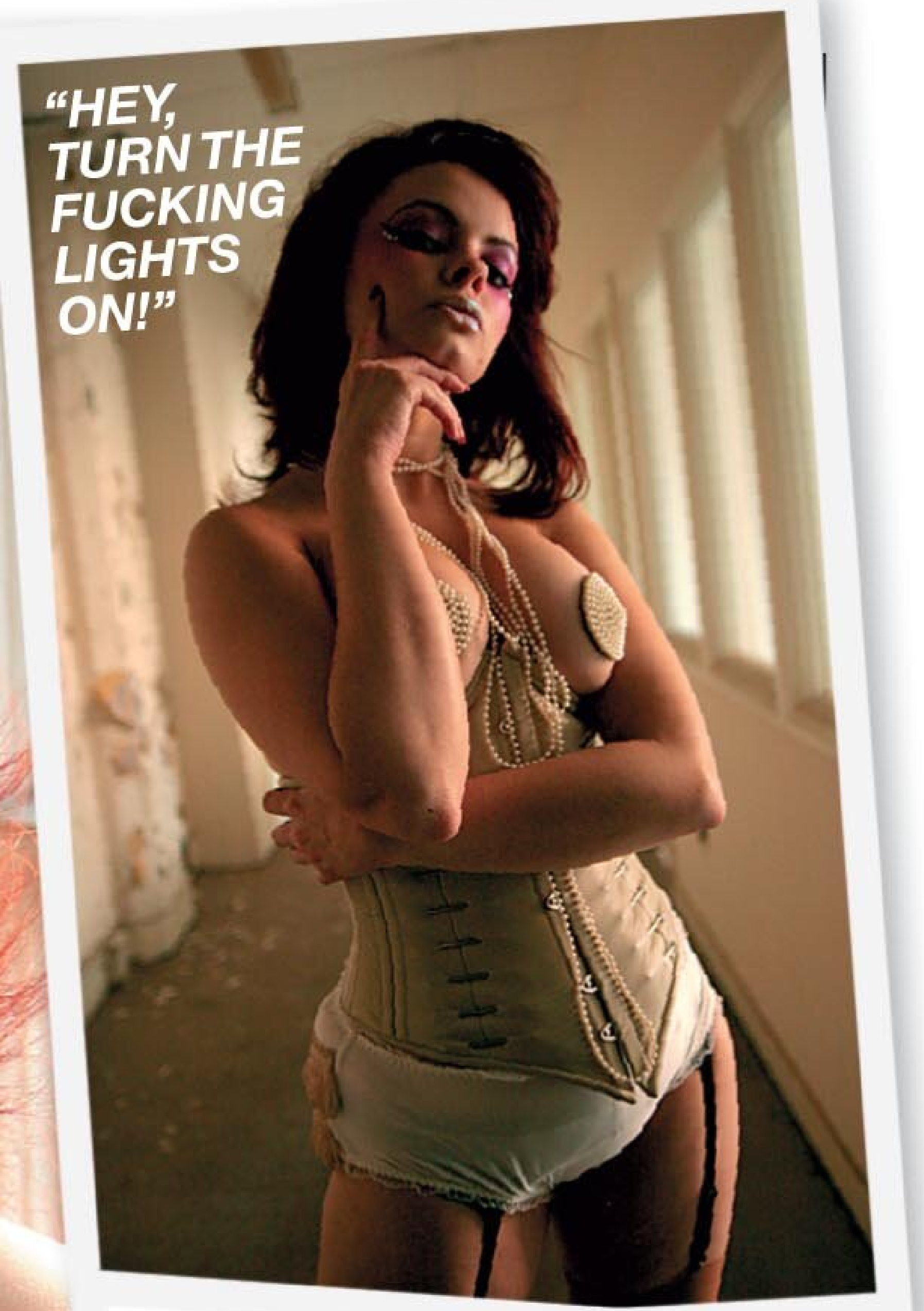
Club culture is still going strong, however there comes a point when cramming yourself, sardine-like, into a room full of sweaty gurning chavs on various concoctions of mind-altering drugs is no longer appealing and people want to be entertained in comfortable surroundings. Those coming out to professional, high-end burlesque clubs find they can meet and socialise with interesting people who have made an effort to put their inner characters (spiv, femme fatale, debonair gent, high camp thespian, cad or toff) on display.

What exactly is your High Tease show about and where can people catch it?

High Tease is all about bawdy cabaret. Think Morecambe and Wise meets Noel Coward at a debauched party of Victorian

"We've got a guy who shoots electricity up his bum"

WHEN WE ASKED IF WE COULD GIVE HER A PEARL NECKLACE, THIS ISN'T WHAT WE HAD IN MIND…



"HEY, TURN THE FUCKING LIGHTS ON!"

theatre darlings, hosted by Oscar Wilde. Throw in a ukulele, powdered wigs, a Dickensian villain and flaming nipple tassels and you're pretty much there. High Tease is promoted monthly in London, Glasgow and Brighton. In fact our Brighton venue is the newly refurbished Hanbury Club. The place where the legendary Kroon Kat Lounge started off. *(Isn't that your club, Shend? Dep Ed)*

These dance workshops. What kind of woman joins up?
It's a cross section of the general populace. We get everybody from frustrated housewives to wannabe performers and everybody in between.

What's the most important thing you'd like them to take away from the classes?
Confidence, self esteem and a desire to create for themselves and the skills to entertain in the spirit of fun… and a free pair of stockings!

Do you think porn has helped burlesque flourish as people want to put some mystery back into sexiness?
Definitely. I think the fact that it's now possible to access subjects like Brazilian transsexual mud lovers within a couple of mouse clicks has ensured that even taboo subjects have been completely demystified. People now realise that sexy things are appealing, debauchery isn't. Burlesque provides a non-threatening world of the risqué. That which makes you laugh, can't be all bad.

Is being funny, sexy?
Being funny is incredibly sexy. The brain is the biggest organ in the body and if you stimulate that, the rest will tend to follow.

Do women enjoy watching burlesque and what do they get out of it compared to men?
Definitely! I'd say that probably 60 per cent of the people who come to our events are female. They're attracted to the glamour of the scene and the fact that something can be sexy and cerebral. More and more women are grasping the opportunity to celebrate one another. The often-stereotypical image of women being catty or competitive belies the more powerful traits of feminine companionship and empathy.

Burlesque is as much about the costumes as taking them off. What are Kittie's favourites?
Kittie loves her corsetry and adores all Victoriana for looking hot and sexy. Kittie also likes to dress as a 19th Century chimney sweep, as she feels a strange affinity with the Dickensian working classes… I have a feeling that dressing as an eccentric, boyish character makes her feel more sexy than when deliberately squeezing her curves into corsets and pinching her calves with high heeled cancan boots. It's strange, but the androgyny in dress actually highlights her shape and feminine features. The eccentricity is unavoidable – that's just Kittie.

What are some of the highlights for MoB in the last few years?
We performed in Jamaica and Moscow within the space of a week, going from tropical sunshine to heinous blizzards at the same time. We've also started workshops in different cities.
We have had a whirlwind of high society and celeb work this year including sitting on a 'striptease' judging panel with Donny Tourette and co, entertaining Bryan Ferry and Calum Best, performing alongside Miss Dynamite and Texas, working with the enigmatic WAGS from ITV's *WAGS Boutique* and many other randomly entertaining encounters.
In June, Kittie and I are flying out to Las Vegas to be 'honourable' judges at this year's prestigious Miss Exotic World pageant – hurrah! I guess that the main highlight for us, though, is nurturing performers and seeing them progress in terms of skill and confidence.

What's the perfect tipple at the burlesque for a dancer?
A cheeky whisky loosener before they go on stage works very well indeed – and after they come off stage, anything goes. Whisky, wine, methylated spirits, industrial floor cleaner.

What's MoB got up its sleeve?
As well as rolling out our workshops into other cities and doing lots of TV work, we're also in the process of creating a full on stage play. We've also just teamed up with the main burlesque organisation in America and this will bring its own benefits. There's also lots of stuff which shall remain stashed in our undies until the time is right to reveal.

Would the country be a better place if the government actually had a Ministry of Burlesque?
Probably not – they would undoubtedly turn it into a bureaucratic nightmare filled with a bloated workforce, which consists mostly of middle management and consultants. Little attention would be lavished on actual performers and this would lead to lower standards with people eventually leaving to perform in better-paid positions in countries other than the UK. Sort of like the NHS with nipple tassels.

For more info:
http://www.ministryofburlesque.com

OTTŮV SLOVNÍK NAUČNÝ
OTTŮV SLOVNÍK NAUČNÝ Dodatky
TECHNICKÝ SLOVNÍK
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Slovník
NEMOVITOSTI
UMĚLECKÉ PAMÁTKY PRAHY
UMĚLECKÉ PAMÁTKY MORAVY A SLEZSKA
PHOTOS

LOLA

Photographer: R.B. Kane

Age: 24 Vital Stats: 32B-23-32

I recently hit it lucky with sexy Lola here. You see, I met her in a club, down in old Soho. She came up to me and asked me to dance. I asked her name, and in a dark brown voice she said Lola. L-O-L-A Lola. Anyway, we drank champagne and danced all night, under electric candelight. Then she picked me up and sat me on her knee, and said, “Dear boy, won’t you come home with me?” Well, it did seem a bit forward, but I thought why not. And I’ll tell you what, she’s dynamite in the sack. I mean, I’m not the world’s most physical guy, but when she held me close she nearly broke my spine! And I’ll tell you something else, she’s got a fanny like a fucking suction pump! What a girl!

Terry looked like he'd seen it all before and sat on a deckchair stroking his stubby cock. Sarah pushed Theresa up on the edge of the pool and opened up her legs before diving in headfirst. Theresa shrieked as Sarah explored her pussy with fingers and tongue. I swam close to them and wanked my cock under the water, savouring every moment of my wife being eaten out by another woman.

Sarah beckoned me over: “Here, you should taste this gorgeous pussy, too.” I slipped two fingers inside my wife and let my tongue get to work on her swollen clit. Theresa moaned wildly as I fingered and licked her. Sarah was tugging roughly on my cock and squeezing my balls. “Come on you two,” she urged, “let's get out of the water.” Terry didn't even blink an eye as I emerged from the pool with my stiff cock bobbing up and down. Theresa sank to her knees to suck me off and Sarah quickly joined her. They licked and lapped at my cock excitedly as if it was the last one on earth.

Again Sarah took charge of the situation. She laid Theresa down by the side of pool and motioned for me to fuck her. As I eased my aching knob inside my wife's glistening slit, Sarah bent her legs and hovered over Theresa's face. She was just close enough so that her puffy fanny-lips were reachable with Theresa's outstretched tongue. I switched my view between my cock pounding in and out of Theresa's hairy snatch and of her licking Sarah's wet pussy. When Terry stood up in front of Sarah and placed his hard cock in her mouth it was too much for me. Taking part in this four-way fuckfest sent me well over the edge and I exploded inside Theresa's white hot gash, filling her with my thick, creamy spunk.

I cooled off in the pool and watched the other three fuck and suck each other for the next hour before we called it a night. Just the cure for the winter blues!

Pete, Bristol.

Nuts For Nails

I can't think of too many other things that make a woman look more feminine than long, well manicured fingernails. My wife Sally knows this and keeps hers long and perfectly sculpted to please me. She knows that I love the dark red colours, and for my birthday this year she painted them deep crimson.

We went out to dinner, and when we got home we had a drink and headed straight to bed. Stripping off, Sally knelt down in front of me, made a fist, guided my cock to her glossy red lips and slowly slid my length into her hot, wet mouth. Her tongue caressed my sensitive underside until the tip of my rod rested at the back of her throat.

Once she had me in her mouth as far as my swollen tool would go, she clamped her lips tightly around the shaft and began to suck gently. At the same time, she reached up and raked her nails lightly down my chest and over my stomach very slowly and deliberately.

Moving her hands towards my genitals, her nails lightly clawed around the base of my prick, finally scratching at my scrotum. She began bobbing her head on my engorged cock, sometimes rocking a little from side to side, and all the while gently raking my heavy balls until they hung back down into my sac.

Knowing that I couldn't take much more, I reached down and helped her to her feet. We moved to the bed, where Sally lay back on the quilt and I asked her to spread herself. She smiled, and I positioned myself so I could watch her play with her pussy lips with her long crimson talons. She used the palm of one hand to rub her lightly curled pubic mound, while massaging each of her gorgeous tits in turn with the other.

My cock stood up proudly as she rubbed her pussy and dragged her long nails up her mound. Then she slid the other hand down to spread her soaking lips apart. My cock was burning with desire as I watched her two slender fingers, crowned with those long deep red nails, move the puffy lips apart, exposing her flesh covered clit.

It was more than any bloke could resist, and I lowered my head to tease her throbbing clit. Her fingers never faltered as she kept her lips apart for me while I flicked my tongue across her now fully erect love-bud. Placing my lips on either side of her swollen button, I sucked hard, batting it gently back and forth as I did so with the tip of my tongue.

Her moans were growing in intensity as I continued to lick and tease her. And when I came up for air she brazenly inserted two of her fingers deep into her pussy, pumping them back and forth inside her moist box. They glistened with her wetness as she drew them out again and I took her hand, and, putting it to my lips, slowly licked each finger.

Her juices tasted sweet as I slid my tongue around between her fingers, sucking them clean. I was so aroused that I practically scrambled between her thighs and pushed her legs further apart. Pressing my bell-end against her slick pussy lips, I thrust forward and my aching cock slid easily into her. Ah, bliss!

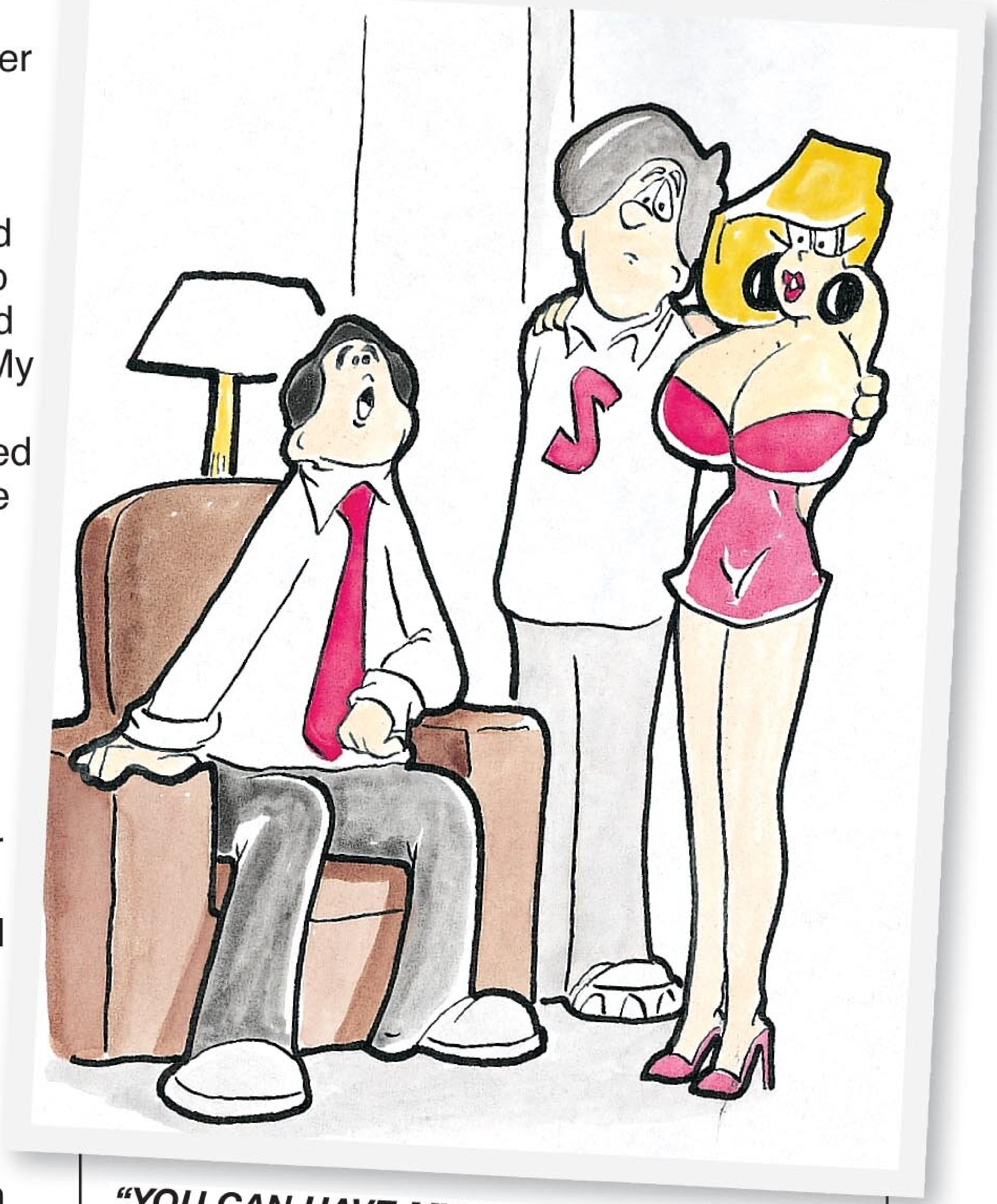
I felt Sally tighten her cunt as my cock pressed forward slowly into her hole, pushing in until my come-swollen balls rested against her arse. I began to saw in and out of her, stretching and filling her fanny with each stroke.

My pace quickened as her pussy became more relaxed and lubricated. With each push I would fill her, then pull out an inch or so, only to powerfully drive it home again. I used short, hard chopping strokes for a few minutes then replaced those with long full thrusts.

My wife's breathing became more rapid as she neared her first orgasm and her nails bit into the skin on my back as her pussy tensed and she came to a shuddering, wailing climax.

Once Sally had recovered, I climbed off and she rolled to one side and positioned herself on the bed on all fours. Doggie is her favourite, and I have to say that I fucking love looking at her pert little arse waggling in front of me as I prepare to enter her.

With one powerful thrust I slotted my full length into her pussy and began pistoning at a spirited pace. Her breasts were resting against the pillows and she had one hand tucked under her, wildly massaging her clit. I could feel the tip of her long fingernail touch my shaft as it repeatedly plunged into her.



“YOU CAN HAVE MY DAUGHTER'S HAND IF YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO PUT IT.”

Her lust-filled moans were now turning into cries of passion, and my balls ached almost painfully with anticipation as I strove to ride her to climax before releasing all my pent-up lust. She took her one free hand and reached way down in-between her thighs, clawing at my balls with her fabulously sexy nails while I probed her with long, hard, deep strokes.

Then I felt my come bubbling up from my depths and racing up from the base of my cock. To my delight, she came at almost exactly the same moment as the first jet of my spunk shot from my convulsing cock. I felt the walls of her pussy frantically grasping my weapon as her orgasm struck her and she squealed, punching the pillows in her intense excitement.

Completely spent I withdrew from her, and she rolled over on her back, still gasping for breath. I was equally spent from my exertions and just flopped down beside her. What an amazing fuck, and all kicked off by Sally's mind-blowingly sexy nails.

Geoff, Stoke on Trent.

JELENA

Photographer: Nicolas Sage

Age:25 Vital Stats: 34D-26-36

JELENA

Big-titted brunette Jelena was such a massive hit with you lot after her stunning appearance in our Christmas issue that we knew we had to get her in again at the double. We got letters about her stunning boobs, emails about her amazing arse, but what really seemed to float your boats was her hairy pussy. Which brings me to the bad news – Jelena is thinking about shaving her pubes off!! Noooo! Readers, we have to change her mind and quickly. Please send your messages of protest to the usual address, and we'll make sure the furry-fannied minx knows exactly what her lustrous bush means to us. Come on, you can make a difference!

KATHY

Photographer: RB Kane

Age: 24 Vital Stats: 34DD-25-34

Last time we spoke to Kathy, she'd just been signed up to work with legendary porn director, Pierre Woodman. Now we hear she's left after just a couple of films. Is this a good thing or a bad thing, we wonder? Obviously, we'd enjoy watching Kathy in films, but knowing she'd been ruined for all other men by a succession of well hung Euro studs probably wasn't going to help our little fantasies. So I suppose it's good news in a way, since she's still happy to get her kit off for us and hasn't gone all diva and demanding. And with no well hung Euro studs on the scene with their Vespas and American cigarettes, you never know your chances, do you? *(I know your chances! – Dep Ed)*

Quest

While the big-screen action unfolds, this month's Quest girls are usually creating a cockbuster of their very own. Certified R18, and hopefully coming soon in a theatre near you, they're the cinema sinners…

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARK LIT

Name: **Jessica**
Age: 19
Position: Cinema Usherette

I work for a small cinema and theatre. It only has one screen and is used mostly for live theatrical performances and foreign language films. Unlike the bigger cinemas that have lots of different films running at the one time, they don't need to employ too many people.

We also tend to have the same people coming to watch our films and stage plays, so I know quite a few of them by name. One lady in particular has caught my attention over the past few months, a tall blonde called Monica, who often comes alone to watch arty films.

She's a bit of a culture vulture, and knows all about the films even before she sees them. To be honest it bores the knickers off me, and I'm more interested in the time last week Monica really did get my knickers off – and it was far from boring!

It all kicked off during the intermission, when it's my job to walk down the aisles selling choc-ices and whatnot. As usual on a weekday, there wasn't that big a house, and when Monica called me over to buy something, I'd already been around the room and had time to sit beside her for a few minutes and chat.

She laid her hand on my arm, carelessly stroking it while we talked. Her touch was sending tingles all over my body, and I leaned in closer. Feeling brave, I moved my leg against hers and she pressed right back against me.

The lights were dimming again for the second half of the film when she asked me if there was somewhere private we could go. My mind raced as I sifted through the options, and having come up with the ideal place, I nodded, telling her to meet me in the ladies' in five minutes.

I had time to suss out the place before she arrived, and once she was inside I stuck the 'Closed for cleaning' sign on the door and locked it. Monica looked gorgeous in her tight black dress and high heels. As she slid her arms around my waist, we kissed.

She pulled my top over my head, and pushed my bra up to reveal my breasts. Lowering her lips to my boobs, she sucked my stiff nipples, making my pussy throb as she teased me with her tongue-tip. My panties were already damp and I wanted her so badly. I reached for her plump tits and caressed them through the thin fabric of her figure hugging dress. It felt so naughty!

> I could feel her breath on the insides of my thighs as she spread my pussy lips and began to finger my hole

She was wearing no bra underneath, and all I had to do was reach inside her cleavage and ease one of her gorgeous boobs out. It all seems a bit unconventional looking back, but I just wanted to get at her naked body any way I possibly could!

Nuzzling against her breast, I circled her areole with my tongue, and, feeling her nipple stiffen as I sucked it between my lips, I batted it playfully with my tongue. Monica was breathing hard, and while I pleasured her tits she undid my work trousers. I kicked off my shoes to allow her to pull my trousers and panties free. I could feel her breath on the sensitive insides of my thighs as she spread my pussy lips and began to finger my hole.

Monica knew exactly where to touch me to get me excited, and even before she'd touched me with her tongue I was gasping for breath as she frigged me to orgasm.

As I came, moaning, my juices dribbled down my thighs. Monica lapped them up with her tongue and my pussy throbbed as her tongue lapped all up and down my thighs and then inside my soaking slit, sending sensations of pure pleasure to my clit and throughout my whole body.

I ground my pussy against her face, humping her probing tongue. Thrusting my hips forward, I felt myself on the brink once more, and soon I was in the throes of another huge climax. I clung onto the wash-hand basin for support as my whole body trembled.

Enjoying these unbelievable orgasms was one thing, but now I simply had to give Monica something to scream about. She got to her feet and we kissed, and as our lips pressed together I got the scent of my own juices from her lips. I was hungry to taste hers. Dropping down to the floor, I lifted up her skirt and began to lick her slit through her skimpy black panties. My tongue pressed hard against the gusset as I pushed the damp material tightly between her lips.

They had to come off, and with one light tug I lowered them to the floor. Monica stepped out of them. Looking up, her lovely pink slit was so tempting – I just had to get my tongue in there and taste her juices. I held her pussy lips apart and I lapped at her swollen labia, working my way up and down and teasing her before I thrust inside.

She was gasping with pleasure by now, and when I flicked my tongue over her clitoris she held my face hard against her pussy. I worked my tongue against her bud, and just as I gently pushed my finger between her lips, Monica came.

Her body jerked with the force of it, and as I drew my finger back and forth inside her clenching hole, she coated my fingers with her juices, which I gratefully lapped up.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and we quickly gathered ourselves together. As we left the toilet sheepishly, we saw that a small queue had built up outside and the manager was wondering what the hell was going on!

Luckily I got away with a warning – after all, I was keeping one customer happy. Now me and Monica keep our filthy sessions away from the cinema. We have them round at her place instead.

Name: Anna
Age: 19
Position: Cinema General Assistant

I have worked at this Cinema complex for over a year, and it is the best job in the world. I really like my boss, James, and get along with everybody else too. The work is fun and our customers are usually a happy lot because they are coming here to be entertained.

I sometimes work in the ticket booth, but once the films have started I go and help out with the refreshments during the intermission. Along with a couple of other girls I carry a tray around selling ice-creams and chocolate bars. It can be a bit of a scrum at times, trying to deal with a crowd of screaming kids, but I don't find it too stressful and this job has other compensations.

In my case the added bonus is having a bit of fun with James the manager. We have to be very careful though, because if we were ever caught, both of us could lose our jobs. James is 26 and married, which makes our relationship even more risky. Moving onto his more positive attributes, James is tall and very well endowed in the trouser department. He's also very experienced, and knows how to make me come again and again. Part of the thrill is the fact he's in charge – power and authority in a man is a combo that always gets me hot.

I lapped around his cock head before sliding it into my mouth, running my tongue all around his helmet

When we're planning to have a shag, James always makes sure all the staff are busy by giving them jobs which will keep them well out of the way. We usually go to the storeroom, or to his office if he can think of an excuse to send his secretary out on an errand.

But last week we really took a chance, and actually had a fuck in one of the projection rooms.

I was checking tickets at the door of Screen 3, when James called me over in a strict voice. Some of the others cast me pitying glances, thinking that I'd somehow fucked up. James then told Steve to take over from me, and gave me the key to the projection room, telling me to go there and wait for him.

It was fairly dark in there, but as some light leaked in through the window I didn't bother to turn the light on. The only furniture was a fairly large but comfortable chair and some shelves which were stacked with tool boxes and some reels of film.

Shortly afterwards James knocked softly on the door and once he was inside he locked the door. Within seconds we'd both stripped off, and were kissing and groping at one another. I could already feel his stiffy pressing against my stomach and I reached down to stroke it.

James gasped as I gave it a cheeky squeeze, and, pressing down on my shoulders, he eased me gently down to my knees and pressed his thick knob against my lips. I lapped around his cock head before sliding it into my mouth, running my tongue all around his helmet. Cupping his balls, I tilted my head back so that I could fit more of his cock in my mouth.

James moved slowly, pushing his shaft in

and out, feeding me more of his length with every stroke. He was clearly enjoying every second, because he kept whispering to me that I was the "best little cock sucker".

With a low grunt he slid his prick from my mouth and pulled me up to my feet. His hands were all over me, tweaking my nipples and getting my pussy oh so wet. James quickly lowered me into the chair – obviously desperate to get at my hole – and, spreading my thighs, he buried his tongue between my soaking lips. I was so horny that he tongue fucked me to a powerful climax in no time as my thighs clenched tight around his head.

But we weren't finished just yet. Realising we had very little time, James helped me up and got me to kneel on the chair. With my bum cocked in the air, James gently fingered my clit until I begged him to stick his cock in. Obviously keen to please, his dick slipped between my pussy lips and soon his full length was inside me and pumping into my slot.

With every shunt of his prick my pussy clenched, trying to get a grip on his large tool as he fucked me. I could feel my orgasm building up fast. My pussy twitched and spasmed, and I came with a loud moan, my juices oozing over his shaft and balls as he splashed his load deep inside my pussy.

With barely a word, James scrambled into his clothes, kissed me, and left me there alone, fingering my throbbing pussy as I relived in my mind one of the most satisfying fucks I have ever had. And then I remembered there was a movie on in this screen in twenty minutes and I'd better get the fuck out of there. Hope the smell of spunk had cleared before the poor projectionist got in there!

Name: **Rebecca**
Age: 18
Position: Cinema Shop Attendant

I work in a cinema, and though my job is fairly boring, I always get a free pass to watch any of the movies showing. The only old person is Phil the manager, and he's all right if you suck up to him a bit.

The hours suit me, because I hate getting up early, especially when I've been playing games on the Internet or chatting online to friends. I start work around eleven in the morning, and once I arrive at the cinema I have to help clean up after the night before.

Sounds a bit shit, but I get on well with most of the other people working here, and I'm totally into this bloke called Allan. He's a student and only works part time, but I think he's really sexy and he certainly knows how to get me hot.

Since Allan works selling tickets he usually has some free time once the films have started. I work on the popcorn and choc-ice counter before and after every showing. Although technically I should stay at my post through the movie, if things go quiet I can usually slope off and join Allan.

Last week we had more fun than usual when Allan persuaded me to join him in the back seats in one of the theatres. Normally I'd be too scared to do something like this, but it was an early showing of a very boring film and there were only a few people watching it, and they were all sat down the front.

We met up and sneaked up to the back row. I was a little nervous, but as soon as I felt Allan's breath on my neck and his lips nibbling my earlobe I started to relax.

As Allan continued to kiss my neck, one of his hands moved up my top to my boobs, searching out one of my nipples. He knows I'm really sensitive there, and my breath quickened as he began to squeeze and roll it. Then Allan pushed up my top,

and, lifting my bra, took my nipple in his mouth and began to suck on it.

With my pussy already throbbing, I turned and arched my body towards him.

Instinctively I opened my thighs wider and felt his hands move up my thigh to my damp gusset. Yanking it aside, Allan pushed his fingers between my pussy lips. It felt amazing.

The tension built higher as he started rubbing my clit and finger-fucking me at the same time, harder and faster, until my pussy contracted and spasmed against his pumping hand. I came hard, my body trembling as I bit my lip, trying to stifle a loud moan. Then I sank back into the chair, moving away his hand as I suddenly felt exposed and worried that the people watching the movie might have heard us. However, Allan obviously didn't give a toss. He took my hand and placed it on the bulge in his trousers. After helping me to undo his belt, he leaned back while I unzipped him and reached inside to pull out his stiff cock. Suddenly I didn't give a fuck about the cinema-goers either. Allan moaned softly as I stroked his dick, before reaching inside his pants to fondle his big, throbbing balls.

> I was very hot and very wet, and his thick shaft slid in easily as he lowered me onto his big throbbing dick

I was getting excited again, and with a quick glance around to see if anyone was looking, I bent down and licked the head of his cock. Flicking my tongue around his helmet, I tasted his pre-come. Then I took his bell-end between my lips, getting as much of his length inside as I could without gagging.

I love sucking Allan's prick, it always feels so naughty, and doing it in the back seat of the cinema added a real element of danger. I sucked hard, gently using my teeth along his shaft as I felt his cockhead rub against the roof of my mouth.

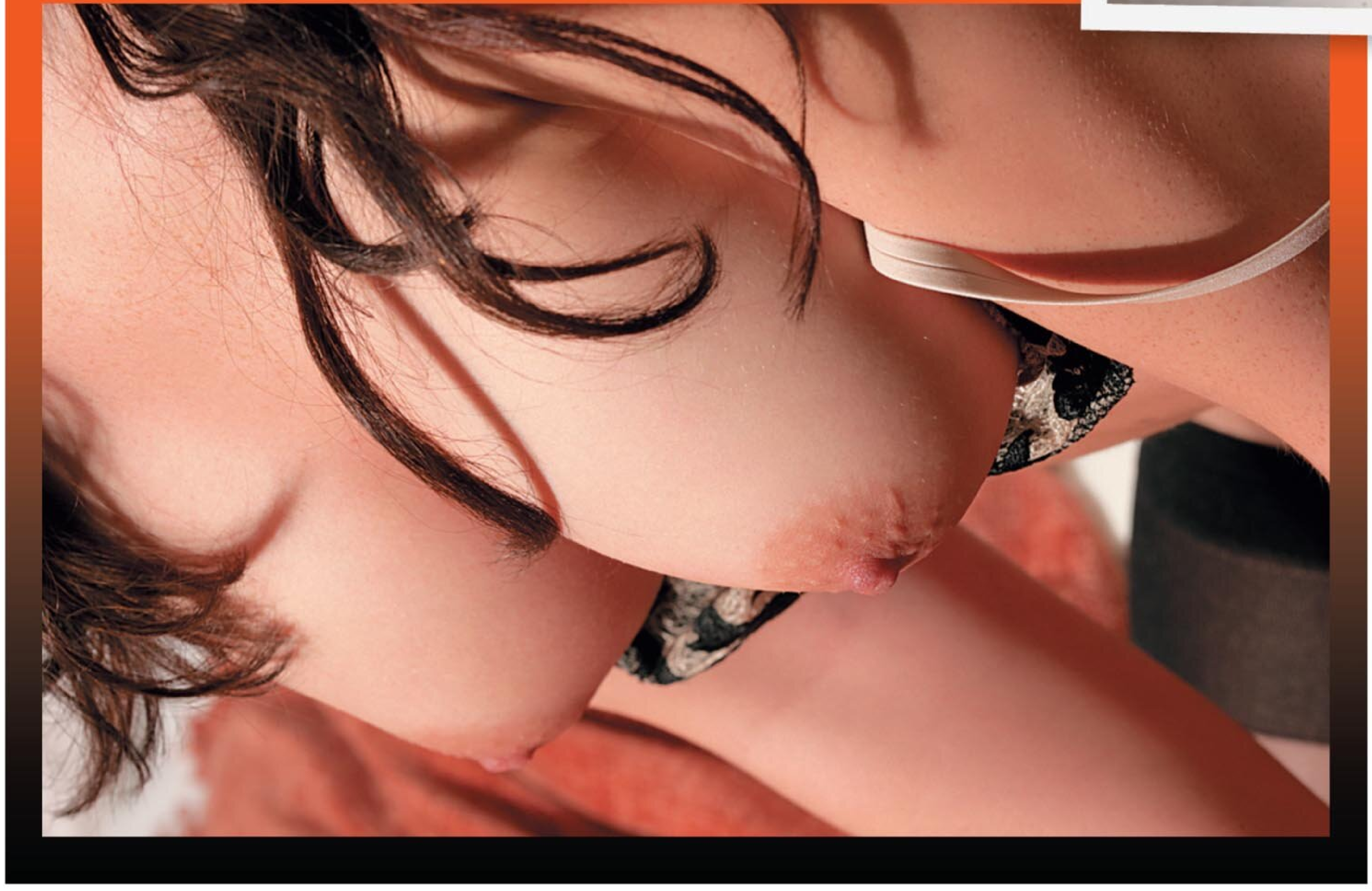
I began pumping it with my hand, as Allan held my head down on him, stroking my hair with one hand while with the other he played with my tits.

By the flickering light of the movie I could just about see what I was doing. It felt safer not to look up at Allan, like I usually do, so I kept my head buried in his lap. All I needed to know was that he was enjoying my attentions, and from the way he kept whispering my name, I was fairly certain he was having a pretty good time.

Then to my surprise he raised my head and whispered in my ear that he wanted to fuck me. I was surprised. We couldn't possibly risk it! What if somebody looked around and saw us? I'd surely lose my fucking job! But Allan was quite insistent, and when he began to rub his finger against my clitoris my worries disappeared.

I lifted my skirt, and, straddling Allan's thighs, I pulled my panty gusset aside once more. Allan pushed me forward a bit and poked his hard cock against my pussy. I was very hot and very wet, and his thick shaft slid in easily as he lowered me slowly onto his lap. I rose and sank on Allan's cock as he grasped my hips, supporting me until my pussy-muscles gripped tightly around his big, stiff cock and I began pumping up and down.

As I built up a rhythm his hands moved to my boobs, and he massaged them and drove his dick into me. He shifted further forward so he had more room to manoeuvre, and I held onto the back of the seat in front of me for support while Allan continued to thrust his cock in and out of my throbbing slit. Then with two hard thrusts he let fly, pumping my pussy full of his warm spunk.



Once it was over I could hardly believe what had just happened! We must've kept the noise levels down or everyone was just being polite, as the small audience all had their heads turned towards the big screen and there was no sign of a 'shush'.

I managed to raise myself off him, and he cheekily kissed my bum as I lowered my skirt, readjusted my bra, and headed to the ladies to clean up before returning to my post. When the people filtered out of the screen about half-an-hour later I couldn't help but smile at the real action they'd missed going on behind them!

EVA

Photographer: R.B Kane

Age: 22 Vital Stats: 33C-24-34

EVA

It would always be a pleasure to watch Eva disrobe, even if she was wearing a manky old shellsuit. But when she's all dolled up in slinky, frilly, sexy, shiny stuff and those bountiful boobs of hers swing into view for the first time, it's hard to stop shaking. And that's before we've even clapped eyes on her awesome arse or perfect pussy.

"Stockings and heels make me feel so horny," Eva purrs. We pretended not to believe her, so she showed us how wet she was and, after looking long and hard (very hard!), we can confirm that she was indeed telling the truth. Why not spend the rest of the day checking for yourself? I know I will!

Gentlemen That Reminds Me…

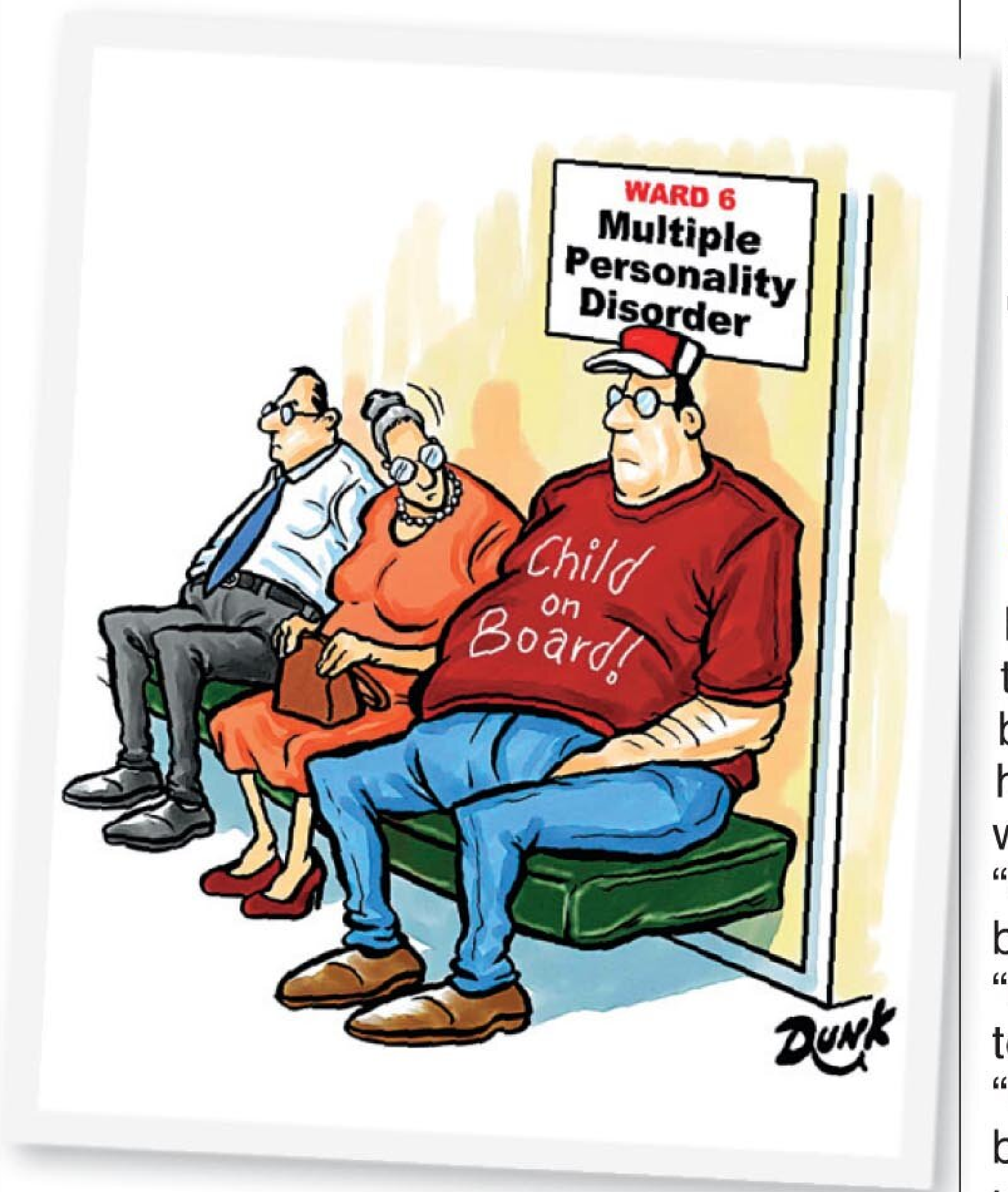
This is what happens when humour goes wrong… Yes, it's the *Mayfair* jokes!

An American businessman is off to Europe for a ten-day visit, but before he goes, he nips into a Manhattan bank and asks for an immediate loan of $5,000. The bank manager requests collateral and the man hands over the keys to his Rolls Royce, which the bank manager readily accepts and has the car driven into the bank's fortified underground car park.

A couple of weeks later, the man walks back into the bank and says he'd like to pay back the loan. The manager tells him that as well as the original $5,000, he owes interest of $21.07. The man writes out a cheque, receives his car keys back, and starts to leave the office.

"One thing, sir," says the bank manager. "After we made the loan, I found out that you're a multi-millionaire. I just can't work out why you'd want or need to borrow such a small amount of money for such a short while."

The man smiles, "Do you know anywhere else I could securely park a Rolls-Royce in Manhattan near the rail link to JFK airport for two weeks and pay only $21.07?"



An old bloke inadvertently switches his television to MTV during an R'n'B special and gets such an erection that he decides to invest his pension in a visit to a dodgy sauna.

He pays his money and a nice young girl takes him in hand, then in her mouth, before straddling him and bouncing around until his half-hour is up. He enjoys it, but can't help thinking that it used to be much better in the old days.

A couple of days later he begins to get a strange sensation in his groin and notices a discharge starting to leak from under his foreskin. Fearing the clap, or worse, he goes straight to the doctors and asks for a diagnosis.

The doctor looks at him and asks if he's been sexually active recently. The old boy owns up and explains the whole tawdry story.

"I see," says the doctor. "Well, if I were you I'd get back to that sauna and find that girl quickly. Do you think you could do that?"

"Reckon so," says the old boy. "Is it something serious?"

"Absolutely," says the doctor. "You're starting to orgasm – if you can find her within the next three hours you should be able to finish off what you started a couple of days ago."

Why was the annual lepers' hockey match called off? There was a face-off in the corner.

Mick looks like he's been run over by a train. His arm is in a sling, his nose is broken, his face is cut and bruised, and he's walking with a limp as he makes his way into the pub.

"What happened to you?" asks the barman.

"Me and Pete Jones had a fight," Mick tells him.

"Pete's only a little fella," says the barman. "How'd he manage to beat you up like that?"

"Well, he was holding a crowbar at the time," says Mick. "That probably helped his cause."

"Pity you weren't holding anything," says the barman.

"I was, actually," says Mick. "I was holding his wife's tits. Lovely things, but bloody useless in a fight."

An American tourist is eating out in a big city restaurant in Spain. He doesn't know any Spanish, but is fascinated by all the dishes coming out from the kitchen and makes the waiter stand with him until something comes out that he fancies.

"I'll have this one," he says eventually, pointing to a great steaming plate of hot meat, cut into big thick slices and piled high.

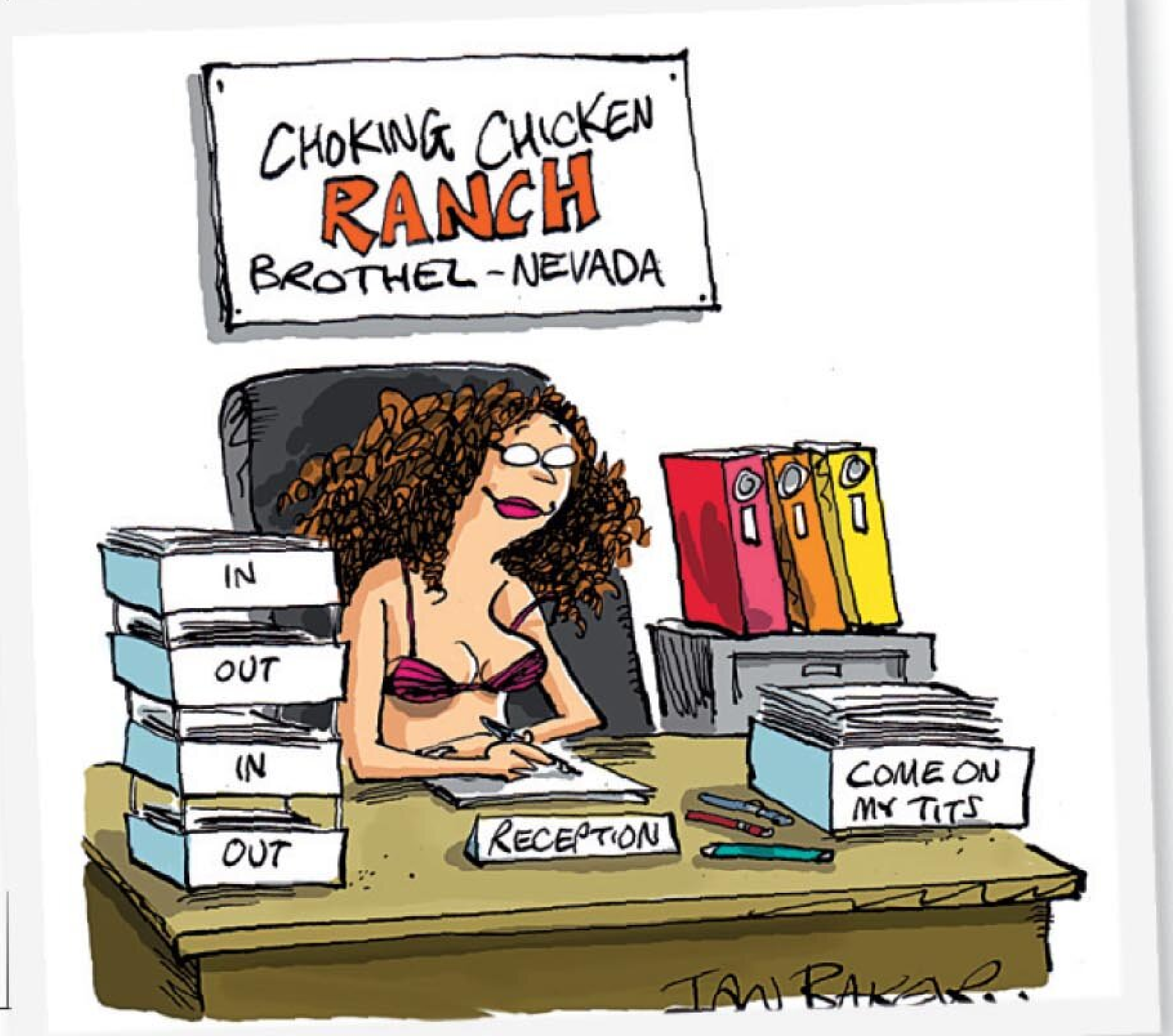
"I am sorry Senor, you cannot have that dish," the waiter says. "It is made from bull's cojones. The testicles come straight from the local bullring, but there is only one fight a day."

The American is disappointed, but puts in an order for the dish the next day. The following evening, he's salivating as he rushes back to the restaurant. The waiter sees him, and says the order is being prepared, so he sits down and tucks a serviette under his chin. Then the waiter appears from the kitchen with a tiny plate that has on it two tiny slivers of steaming meat.

"What the hell's this?" demands the American. "Ah Senor," says the waiter, "that's bull-fighting… Sometimes the bull wins."

What's the definition of a Kiwi intellectual? He's the bloke who knows that sheep can be used for providing meat and wool as well.

A zoo-keeper notices that one of the chimps is not hanging out in front of the chimp house with the rest of the group, so he goes round the back and finds the chimp busily reading. He looks at the books and sees that one's the Bible and the other is Darwin's *Origin Of Species*. "Interesting choice of reading material," says the zoo-keeper. "Well yeah," says the chimp. "I'm just trying to find out whether I'm my brother's keeper or my keeper's brother."



ARIA

Photographer: Holly Randall

Age: 29 Vital Stats: 34D-25-35

It isn't often we're asked by a girl to correct her age upwards, but Aria isn't just any girl. "You keep saying I'm younger than I am!" she complained. "I'm going to be 30 this year, you know!" And like a very fine wine, Aria's age only seems to improve her. Sadly, we can't claim to have tasted her, but she's still full-bodied, robust and has a wonderful bouquet! Still refusing to do boy-girl videos, Aria sticks to pleasing ladies on film and has no intention of doing anything else for the foreseeable future. "I'm into playing with girls, and that's what I like doing in my movies. If you want to know what I'd be like with a guy, well, you only have to ask," she purred. Yeah, like we're brave enough…

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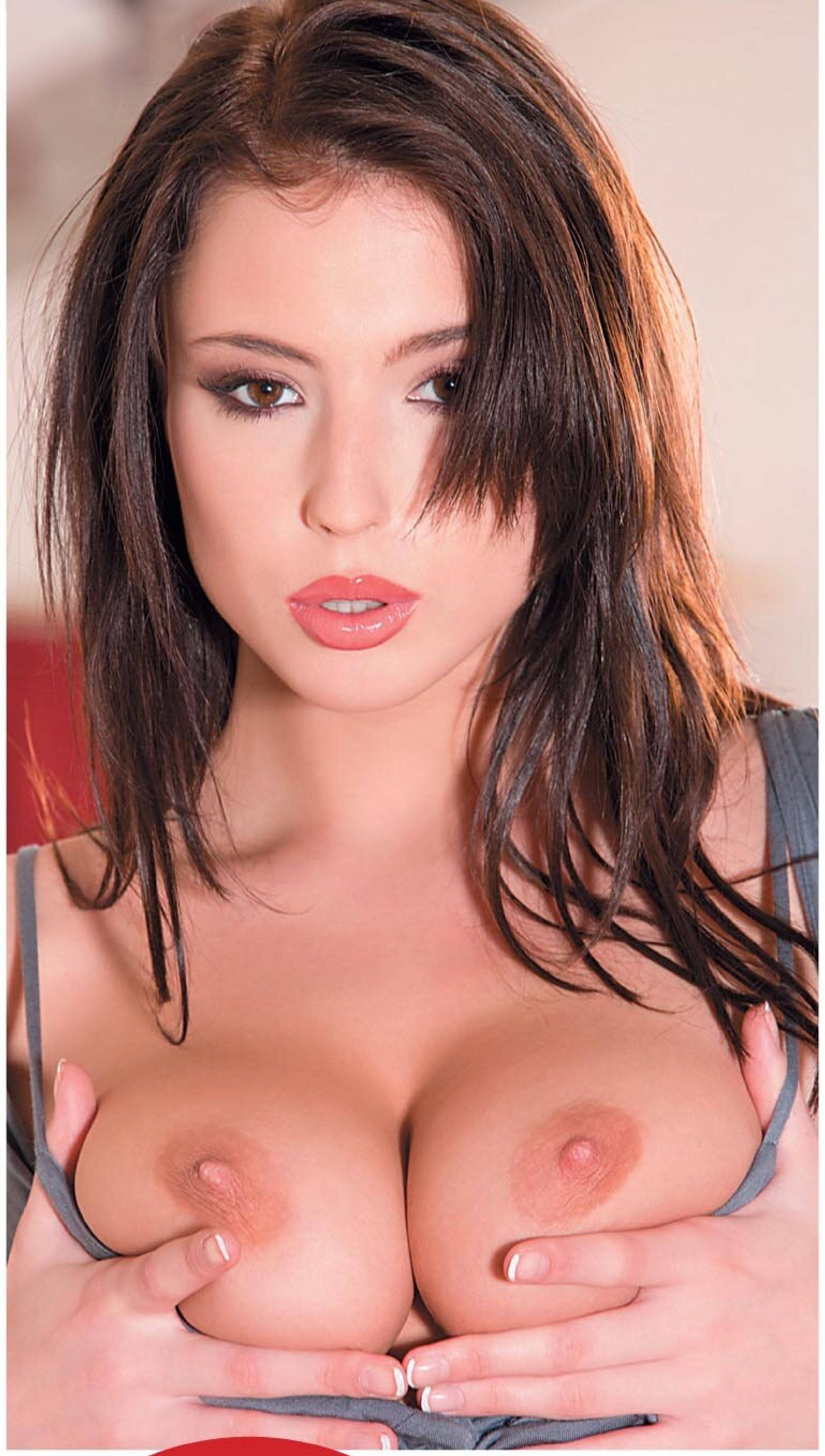


POSTER POSER

STACY

Photographer: Scott Ward

Age: 19 Vital Stats: 33D-26-34

See My Video

www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx

There's a lot of talk nowadays about health, isn't there? You can't smoke anymore, you can hardly fucking eat anything, you're supposed to drink about a billion gallons of water every fucking hour. I swear, it's a fucking nightmare just trying to keep alive! Which is why I was alarmed to hear about the latest little fad when I got talking to sexy Stacy on this shoot. She kept saying, "Do you get your five-a-day? You've gotta make sure you get your five-a-day!"

Well, I thought, it's a bit time consuming, but I'll give it a go…

Of course, it was three weeks before I found out she was talking about fruit and not wanking. Ooh, was my face red! Not to mention the state of my poor cock…

See My Ruder Pics!
www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx

MAYFAIR

POSTER POSER

STACY

LAURA

Photographer: Exposurezone

Age: 24 Vital Stats: 32E-24-34

LAURA

Somehow, Laura has managed to avoid us for the last few months. Dodging emails, ducking phone calls until, finally, we accosted her at another shoot. “Why haven’t you shot with us yet?” We demanded. “I heard you were only interested in girls with hairy pussies,” she wailed. Aw, bless. We comforted her by pointing out that there weren’t that many about, and that Laura’s other natural talents far outweighed any pubic issues. Besides, we told her, we’ve heard that you can knock a man out with one of your tits. “That’s true. I pole-axed an ex-boyfriend once,” she giggled. And that was when we pointed out the Ed. Luckily, he came to in the ambulance…

See My Video
www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx

See My Ruder Pics!
www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx

ELLIE

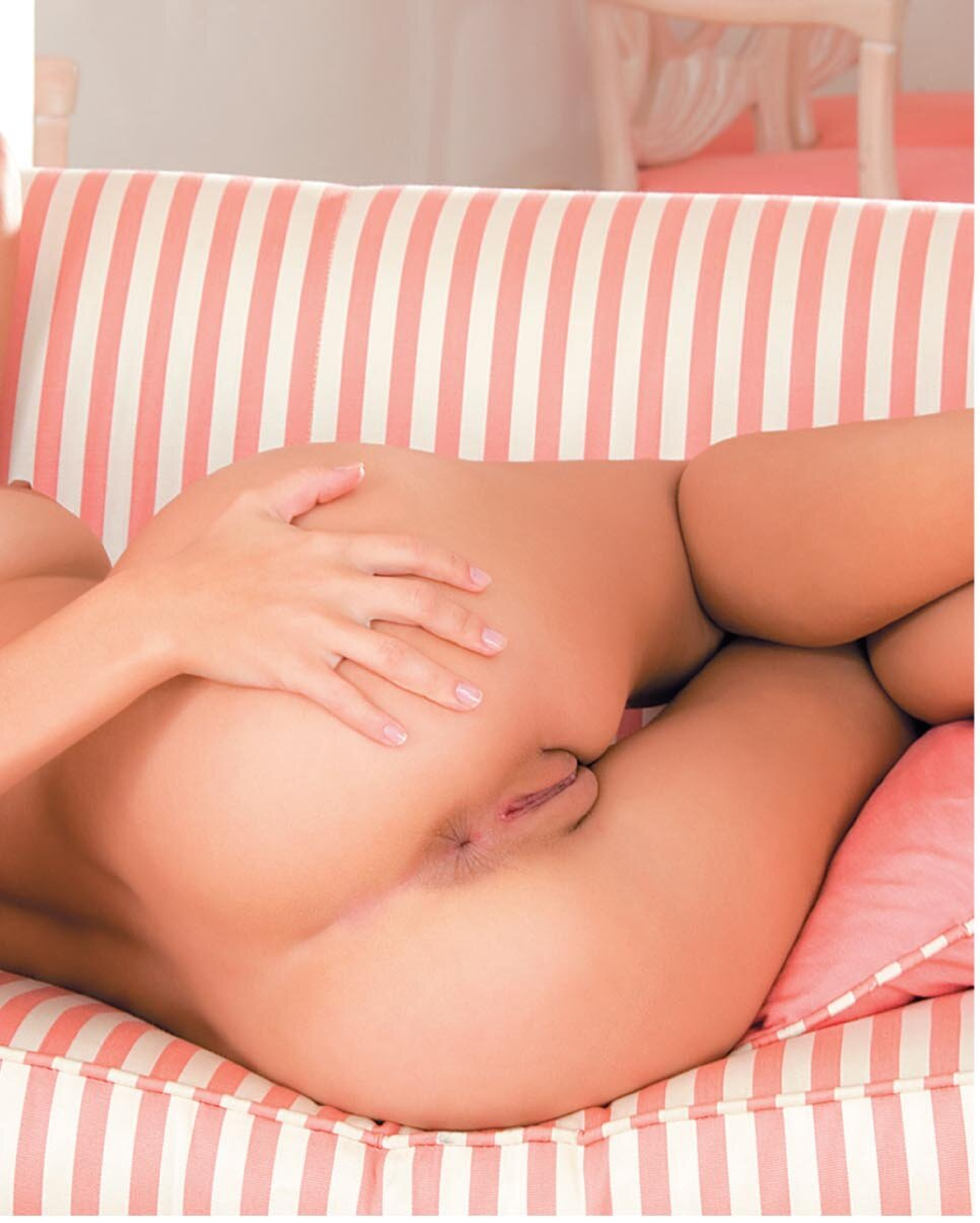
Photographer: Vivthomas.com

Age:23 Vital Stats: 32C-24-32

See My Harder Pics
www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx

ELLIE

Ellie's blessed with perfect blow-job lips and has the kind of naughty look about her that we love here at *Mayfair*. With those attributes, not to mention her stunningly gorgeous body, you'd think she'd have blokes literally falling over themselves to try their luck, but apparently it's quite the opposite. "Men very rarely make the first move with me," she revealed after the shoot, "I think they're a little bit scared of what I might do with them, to be honest." Have they got reason to be, Ellie? "Not at all! I'm a pussycat, really. Unless, of course, I get my 10-inch strap-on involved, then things can get interesting." I don't think she was joking, either… Ellie is currently single, surprisingly!



See My Harder Pics
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SILVIA SAINT

Photographer: VivThomas.com

Age: 31 Vital Stats: 34B-23-34

See my ruder pics!

www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx

SILVIA

How much do we love sexy Silvia Saint? About as much as the rest of the country, judging by the size of our mailbag, which overflows with letters of praise for her. There's definitely something about Silvia that places her head and shoulders (not to mention pussy, tits and arse!) above the rest of the pack. No matter how many times she cavorts around in front of our camera, she always manages to give us something extra. This babe is just so damned rude! We know she can fuck faster than a freight train, 'cos we've seen her movies, and getting down and dirty isn't just her job, it's her favourite thing in the whole wide world. And best of all, she's a bloody nice person too. So could Silvia Saint be the perfect woman? We'll get her to whip up steak, egg and chips and let you know!

See my ruder pics!
www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx

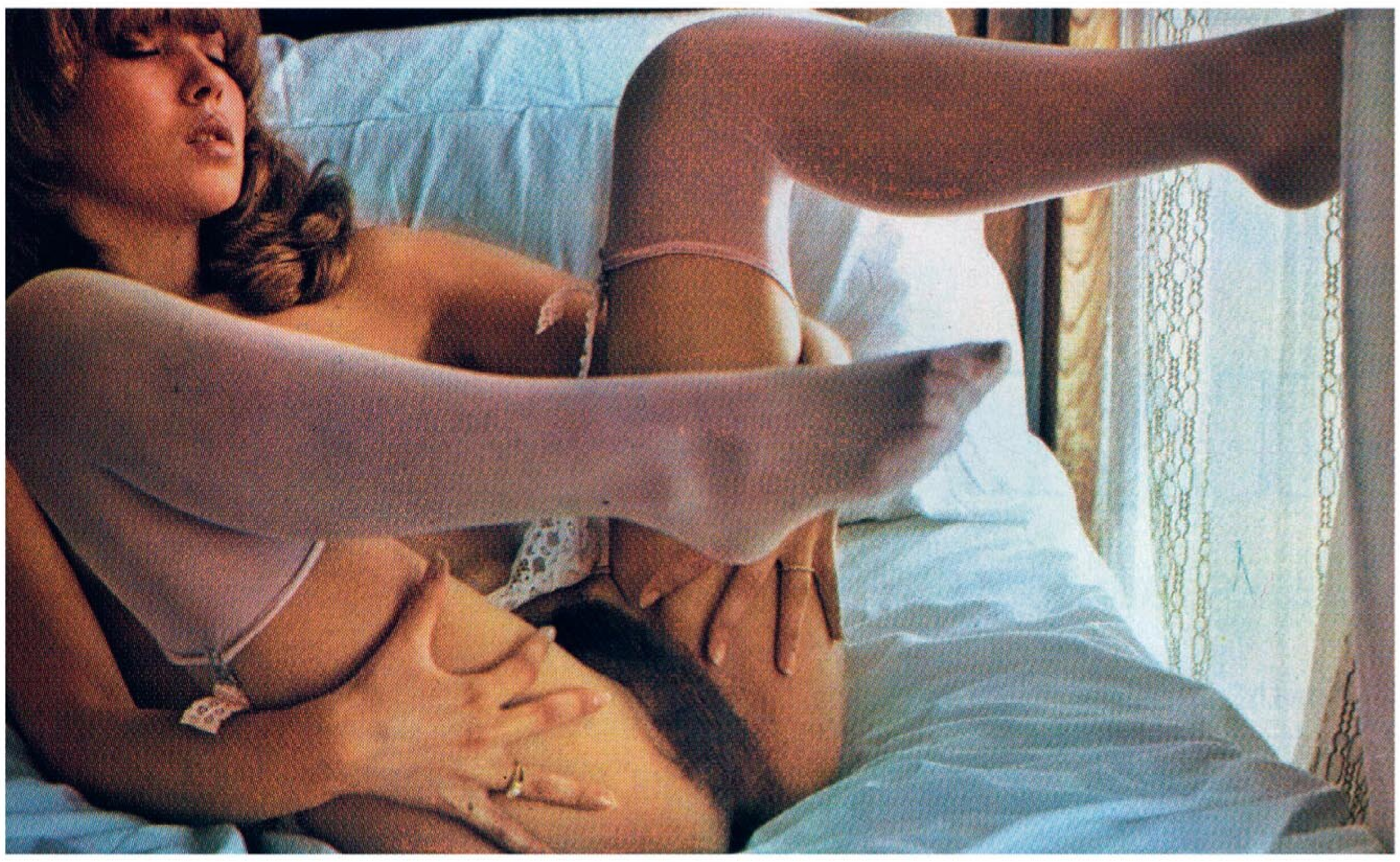
MAYFAIR Classic

Life's never that easy when your 20, is it? Back in 1978 poor Crystal here had her heart set on going to university, and what happens? She goes and screws up her A-Levels! Alright, no laughing at the back there! Still, every cloud has a silver lining, and who knows? – if she'd got the grades she was after she might never have got that spectacularly hairy pussy our for the readers of Mayfair to pour over! If she ever did make it to college, she'd have been sure to be a hit with all the long-haired 70s student types! Throw in her fruit-picking skills as well, and what's not to like?!

CRYSTAL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

If 20-year-old Crystal Collins has one thing to be thankful for in life, it's that her surname isn't Ball. 'Goodness,' she laughs Crystal Ball would have been terrible. Just think of all the ribbing I'd have had to put up with at school. My life would have been unbearable.' School for petite, strawberry-blonde, 34–22–34 Crystal was a select private academy in Kent not too far from her home in Maidstone. 'Yes, it was a girls' boarding school,' says Crystal, 'and I'm in no doubt that they'll be shocked to see me being naughty in the nude.' She grins wickedly. 'Well the mistresses will be, but one or two of the masters there will probably approve of it!'



MAYFAIR Classic

Leaving school two years ago, Crystal was disappointed not to gain a university place. 'I was hoping to read English,' she sighs, 'but although my O-level passes were up to scratch – I got eight – my A-level results were absolutely hopeless. Of course I got a good grade in English, but my other two subjects, which were French and Politics, were a bit of a disaster. I could have stayed on at school for another term to re-take them, but I decided to try a taste of the big bad world first. If I wanted to go back to full-time education I'm still young enough, but quite honestly I'm enjoying things as they are so much at the moment that that's a fairly remote possibility.'

So how does Crystal fill the daylight hours ? A smile lights up her face, half-hidden by her wide-brimmed hat. 'I've tried *loads* of things,' she admits cheerfully, 'but I haven't really found anything yet that doesn't bore me after a month or two. I thought modelling for these pictures was a lot of fun – probably the best thing I've done so far, but before doing that, what I enjoyed most was working on a fruit farm near home during the summer. It was one of those places you can drive in and pick what you like and I'd weigh the baskets when people were through.' Crystal laughs. 'Some people bought so much, I'm sure they must still be knee-deep in fruit from their farm forages !'

Coming Next Month

Vol.45
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Dec 29th

Now far be it from us to make lame puns about "copping" a load of Angelica, or making lewd references to truncheons or, erm, falling down the stairs whilst in custody, but will you check her out! Do you suppose all lady coppers wear undies like that? We bet they do! Also in the mix next month is English Rose (albeit via Scandinavia) Julia Crown. Don't miss, out!

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